

## A Solemn and Impressive Scene.

The Philadelphia North American of July 7th says:

"Independence Square yesterday saw a sight Philadelphia never before witnessed—never may again. The tidings of the progress of the Union arms brought it about. When first promulgated, a large number of the members of the Union League met collectively at the League rooms. The throng increased until the place was nearly filled. The people everywhere had left their places of business, and the members instinctively sought the League house for mutual congratulation.

"It was proposed that something more than an informal recognition of so bountiful a blessing of victory should be made, and the gentlemen present took steps to make it. Birgfeld's band of forty-six instruments was secured, and with this at its head the Union League, headed by the Rev. Kingston Goldard and Rev. Dr. Brainard, moved down Chestnut Street to Independence Square, keeping step to the glad steps of national airs.

"As the end of the line reached the square, all uncovered. The line filed to right and left, when Charles Gibbons ascended the steps of Independence Hall. The concourse of people that now poured into the square was thousands in number.

"Mr. Gibbons made a brief address. He said that this day the beginning of the end is in view. The rebels are losing their strongholds, the cause of the Union is approaching its final triumph. He drew a picture of what we were as a nation, what we are, and what, in God's providence, we shall be. He spoke briefly, and to the point, and his speech was vociferously cheered.

"Rev. Dr. Brainard now bared his head, and every man present was uncovered. A hush fell upon the densely crowded assembly as the hand of the reverend doctor was raised, and an invocation given to the multitude to follow him in rendering thanks to Heaven for his many mercies, and for crowning the arms of the country with victory.

"Amid profound silence, Dr. Brainard gave praise. He thanked the Almighty for the victories that were now crowning our arms. He had chastened us in his displeasure and nuke in that chastening, as now in the blessing upon our work, he recognized the hand of the Omnipotent. He implored the Divine blessing upon the country and its people—that religion, and truth, and justice might take the place of pride, and arrogance, and vain glory, and that this people might recognize in every event of life the ruling of Divine power. He prayed for the President and Cabinet; for the continued success of our arms, and for the restoration of our national unity; for liberty to the oppressed; for freedom of worship God everywhere, and for the coming of that day when His Kingdom shall extend over the whole earth.

"At the close of the prayer, the Christian minister pronounced the word 'Amen,' the whole multitude reverently and solemnly repeated 'Amen.'

"While this prayer was offering, the band silently disappeared. As the final word of the supplication was pronounced, a strain of sacred music burst

from overhead. The band had ascended to the State House steeple, and there played, with effect that no tongue can adequately describe, the air of Old Hundred.

Spontaneously a gentleman mounted a post, and started the melody to the words,

"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow."

"The whole multitude caught it up, and a doxology was sung with a majesty that Philadelphia never before heard. Every voice united. Rev. Dr. Goldard then pronounced the benediction, and the vast audience again covered themselves and slowly dispersed. The whole scene was remarkable. It was a touching illustration of the fact that down deep in every man's heart, no matter what may be the utterances of his lip, or his work and conversation there is a recognition of the fact that the Lord reigneth."

## A Hard Sentence.

I was conversing not long since with a returned volunteer. "I was in the hospital as nurse for a long time," said he, "and assisted in taking off limbs, and dressing all sorts of wounds; but the hardest thing I ever did was to take my thumb off a man's leg." "Ah!" said I, "how was that?" Then he told me. It was a young man, who had a severe wound in the thigh. The ball passed completely through, and amputation was necessary. The limb was cut off close up to the body, the arteries taken up and he seemed to be doing well. Subsequently one of the small arteries sloughed off. An incision was made and it was again taken up. "It was small, it was not the main artery," said the surgeon as he performed the operation; "he might have bled to death before we could have taken it up. But Charley got on finely and was a favorite with us all. I was passing through the ward one night, about midnight, when suddenly, as I was passing Charley's bed, he spoke to me: 'H—, my leg is bleeding again.' I threw back the bed clothes and the blood spouted in the air. The main artery had sloughed off. Fortunately I knew just what to do, and in an instant I had pressed my thumb on the place and stopped the bleeding. It was so close to the body that there was barely room for my thumb, but I succeeded in keeping it there and arousing one of the convalescents, sent him for the surgeon, who came in on the run. 'I am so thankful, H—,' said he as he saw me, 'that you were up and knew what to do, for he must have bled to death before I could have got here.' But on examination into the case he looked exceedingly serious, and sent out for other surgeons. All came who were within reach, and a consultation was held over the poor fellow. One conclusion was reached by all:—There was no place to work save the spot where my thumb was placed; they could not work under my thumb, and if I moved it he would bleed to death before the artery could be taken up.—There was no way to save his life.—Poor Charley! He was very calm when they told him, and requested that his brother, who was in the hospital, might be called up. He came and sat down by the bed side, and for three hours I stood, and, by the pressure of my thumb, kept up the life of Charley, while the brothers had their last conversation on earth. It was a strange

place for me to be in; to feel that I held the life of a fellow mortal in my hand as it were, and stranger yet, to feel that an act of mine must cause that life to depart. Loving the poor fellow as I did, it was a hard thought, but there was no alternative. The last words were spoken. Charley had arranged all his business affairs, and sent tender messages to absent ones, who little dreamed how near their loved one stood to the grave. The tears filled my eyes more than once as I listened to those parting words. All were said and he turned to me. "Now H—, I guess you had better take off your thumb." "O, Charley! how can I?" I said. "But it must be, you know," he replied cheerfully, "I thank you very much for your kindness, and now, good bye." He turned away his head, I raised my thumb, once more the life current gushed forth and poor Charley was dead.—*Sunday Morning Chronicle.*

## Retaliation by the Rebels.

The Richmond Dispatch of the 7th says:

At the Libby prison yesterday, by order of Gen. Winder, the captains among the Yankee prisoners, numbering seventy-four, draw lots for two to be shot in retaliation for the shooting of Captains Wm. F. Corbin and T. J. McCraw, by Gen. Burnside, at Sandusky, O., on the 15th of May last.

The prisoners were assembled in a room at 12 o'clock by Captain Turner, the commandant of the prison, and, after being formed in a hollow square around a table, were informed of the order of Gen. Winder. A clip of paper, with the name of each man written on it and carefully folded up, was then deposited in a box on the table, and Capt. Turner informed the men that they might select whom they pleased to draw the names out—the first two names drawn to indicate those to be shot.

Capt. Sawyer, of the 1st New Jersey cavalry, suggested that one of the chaplains be appointed. Three of the chaplains were called down from an upper room, Rev. Mr. Brown accepting the task. Amid a silence almost death-like the drawing commenced. The first name taken out of the box was that of Capt. Henry Washington Sawyer, of the 1st New Jersey cavalry, and the second that of Capt. John Flinn, of the 51st Indiana. When the names were read out Sawyer heard it with no apparent emotion, remarking that some one had to be drawn, and he could stand it as well as any one else. Flinn was very white and much depressed.

The prisoners were then dismissed, and the condemned men sent to Gen. Winder's office. On arriving there they were permitted to write letters to their friends. Sawyer wrote a letter home, and read it aloud to the detective standing near. Upon coming to the last part of it saying, "Farewell my dear wife, farewell my children, farewell mother," he begged those near by to excuse him, and turning aside burst into tears. Flinn said he had no letters to write, and only wanted a priest.

Both men were returned to the Libby prison, and will be kept in close confinement until the day of their execution, which is not yet fixed. Sawyer is a Pennsylvanian by birth, and Flinn is an Irishman.

The Confederate officers shot by

Burnside were executed for recruiting in Kentucky, and that General, when appealed to by the sisters of one of them to spare his life, refused, with the brutal reply that he "had quit handling the rebellion with gloves."

The *Sentinel* of the 8th says: "Gen. Winder has allowed Henry W. Sawyer, one of the Yankee captains selected for execution, to send for his wife and child, and a letter for that purpose went by the flag of truce yesterday. It is hardly probable that the day of execution will be fixed until after the visit."

Dana Good.—If there were but one human being on earth and not a breathing thing to whom we could impart joy or aid, there would be some excuse for saying we could do no good. But now, as surely as there is one who needs to be benefited, or one whose heart can be lightened by human sympathy, so surely do we possess this power. There are a thousand ways in which we can exert a good influence; for no one is solitary; even the severest monk necessarily has some communion with his fellows. There has been some who affect to be misanthropists, and, seeking their dwelling amid rocks and caves studiously avoid communion with man. But they usually tire of their resolves, and return to society, glad to endure its evils for the sake of the good. Light though our influence may be, yet usually it is much greater than we suppose. Every little word or act, every glance or gesture, may, the slightest tone has a bearing; some one observes, some one is affected by it. Some one will mark the slightest expression flitting over the countenance, kindling it with joy or quenching its light. And when the tell-tale eye reveals what the lips will not say, that there is grief in the heart, who would not hush or soothe the spirit? When the dark and turbulent passions are raging, when the eye flashes fire and the lips pour forth fierce and angry words, is there none who will hush the storm?

Again, man is so constituted that society is essential both to his existence and happiness. That God made him thus, and implanted in him this yearning for sympathy and communion with man, is a strong proof that he intended we should be social, and society cannot exist unless its members seek not only the good of themselves but of others. And should we not be willing to lighten another's burden, even though our own hearts were thereby made heavy? Yet such is not the reward of Him who offers the assisting hand and sympathizing heart, and it needs but the trial to lead all to exclaim,

A brother to relieve, how exquisite the bliss.

MAGGIE M. KETCHUM.

A French writer has said that "to dream gloriously" you must act gloriously while you are awake, and to bring angels down to converse with you in your sleep, you must labor in the cause of virtue during the day."

"I'm afraid you'll forget me, wife, while I'm away," said a brave volunteer. "Never fear, my dear, the longer you are away in the service of your country, the better I shall like you."—*Anonymous, rather.*